

THE DIAL

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE ASCENT OF PARNASSUS	51
CASUAL COMMENT	53
The ingenious Mr. De Morgan.—Shakespeare as a "reformed" speller.—The size of ex-presidents' royalties.—The revival of an old idea of Franklin's.—The library of the "Laughing Hall."—Ways of denoting emphasis.—The puzzling pronunciation of proper names.—A Coppée anecdote.—The weary wanderings of "Mademoiselle Ixe."—Song strains from a new republic.—The humors of genealogy-hunters.—A Quebec pageant in a library.—Our far-western neighbor, Japan.—A "Bibliography of Municipal Betterment."	53
A FORGER OF THUNDERBOLTS. <i>Percy F. Bicknell</i>	56
THE UNREST OF THE ORIENT. <i>Frederic Austin Ogg</i>	58
THE LARGER PROBLEMS OF HEREDITY. <i>T. D. A. Cockersall</i>	59
RECENT POETRY. <i>William Morton Payne</i>	60
Swinburne's <i>The Duke of Gandia</i> .—Noyes's <i>The Golden Hynde</i> .—The <i>Dark Ages</i> .—Woods's <i>The Dead Friendship</i> .—Miss Aldington's <i>Songs of Life and Love</i> .— <i>Wild Honey</i> from Various Thyme.—Johnson's Poems.—Morris's <i>Lyrics and Landscapes</i> .—Scolland's <i>Voices and Visions</i> .—Jones's <i>From Quiet Valleys</i> .—Mrs. Whitney's <i>Gypsy Verses</i> .—Miss Hazard's <i>Scallop Shell of Quiet</i> .	60
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	65
New studies of Blake, Keats, Scott, Shelley.—Chapters in the struggle for human liberty.—The puzzling tale of Chatterton's life and work.—A new brief biography of Poe.—A half-century of mountain-climbing.—The creed of a citizen of the world.—The choice of a college for the young.	65
BRIEFER MENTION	67
NOTES	68
TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS	69
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	70

THE ASCENT OF PARNASSUS.

There are two ways of climbing, respectively illustrated by the great Pyramid and by the Campanile at Venice. The climber may toil painfully from one huge step to another pushed and pulled by perspiring guides urged to activity by thoughts of backsheesh; or he may loiter along a gentle gradient and attain altitude without seeming effort. The end is the same in both cases when at last the wide prospect gladdens the eye; but the ease or difficulty with which it has been achieved may have a notable influence upon the degree of its enjoyment. Turning to literature for a metaphorical application of our example, we are reminded of the contrast between the difficulties which once beset the upward path of the struggling student and the enticements which our humbler modern methods provide to make the way alluring. Humanity may be overdone, as a famous outburst of Ibsen's *Brand* attests; but on the whole we may rejoice that a great deal of merely obstructive rubbish—syntactical and rhetorical—has been swept out of the learner's path. Surely the old-time student, clambering toward latinity up his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, must have thought the stairway ironically named, and must have reached his goal (if he persevered) in a somewhat embittered frame of mind. If thus alone were Parnassus to be reached (he may well have reflected) there was much to be said for a life of Boeotian sluggishness and comfort. In fact, he could hardly have failed to doubt if Parnassus were what it was cracked up to be.

A doubt of this sort is pretty likely to intrude upon the mind of the aspirant toward the appreciation of literature, whether in school or out, if he follow the instructions of the professional educator. For literature is a fine art, and the natural man (still more the natural boy) does not take to it. He is willing to give it a try, because the sharps who ought to know say that there is something in it; but his skepticism is well-rooted, and doubt may harden into conviction if injudiciously dealt with. Supply him with counsels of perfection, instead of giving him the practical guidance which he needs, and he will chuck the whole business in disgust. Tell him that he must read (and enjoy) Bacon's *Essays*

and "The Rape of the Lock" and "Paradise Lost" when he is in the "Arabian Nights" and "Treasure Island" stage of development, and all his healthy young instincts will revolt. He will not only reject the advice with scorn and contumely, but he will put the adviser down as a hypocrite; for nothing will convince him that a person who pretends to enjoy such books really means what he says. This state of mind is perfectly honest, and must be treated with gingerly care if we expect to transform it into a state of mind which shall come to accept the world's literary judgments as its own.

A German publisher named August Scherl, who has come to look at the subject of literary culture from this point of view, has recently prepared a library of fifty volumes, selected and arranged for the express purpose of attracting readers whose literary sense is comparatively crude, and of leading them onward and upward by easy steps. We have been much interested in the examination of Herr Scherl's list, which begins with a story of mystery by Xavier de Montépin and ends with Freytag's "Soll und Haben." Possibly the forty-eight intervening books would be inadequate to bridge the cultural chasm delimited by these two landmarks; but the principle involved is pedagogically sound, and by some such method as this the faculty for enjoying good literature is most likely to be developed. In the first half of the list we find such books as "Monte Cristo," Jokai's "Black Diamonds," tales of adventure by Gerstäcker, and novels by writers as diverse as M. Georges Ohnet, Mrs. Braddon, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. F. H. Burnett, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Bulwer. These are the names that come nearest to having relations with literature; the others stand upon a distinctly lower level. When we get into the second half of the list, we are conscious of being in distinctly better society. Sensational titles become less frequent, and names that mean something occur in numbers. Thus we soon come upon Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," Collins's "The Moonstone," and novels by Messrs. Ernst von Wolzogen and Georg von Ompteda. Finally, we reach such books as "Ivanhoe," "Froment Jeune et Riser Ainé," and "Bleak House," and such authors as Hauff, Hoffman, Herr Detlev von Liliencron, Frau Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, Herr Fontane, and Herr Spielhagen.

It will be seen that this list of books is made up entirely of fiction, and that it is cosmopolitan in its composition. The asthete and the pedant will sniff at four-fifths of the books included,

and sermonize about the deplorable influence of such rubbish upon the growing mind. But to our thinking, the very fact that the sort of mind aimed at is growing, with maturity nowhere in sight, affords ample justification for the inclusion of the least significant and the most sensational of the books above mentioned. A similar list prepared for a public of English readers should be based upon the same leading principles, although most of the titles would be different. Such a list would doubtless include, and should include, titles by Messrs. Hall Caine and S. R. Crockett and Marion Crawford, as well as titles by Scott and Dickens and George Eliot. The method is beautifully simple. First, allay the young reader's suspicion that he is being practised upon, and gain his confidence by giving him what he really wants. Then cautiously and persuasively contrive to get into his hands something a little better than he has had before. Some of our more progressive librarians have practised this method for many years. An excellent device, that has been found to work successfully, is to insert in every copy of a trashy book issued a slip giving the names and library numbers of a few other books likely to interest the reader, but books which are a little better in their representation of life and character.

Herr Julius Hart, discussing the Scherl Library in "Das Literarische Echo," commends the enterprise in terms of unqualified praise.

"Is it in school that we learn to read? No! All school methods are so contrived that they make books an object of hatred and a cause of misery. We learn to read from books of the 'Monte Cristo' sort: fairy-books and tales of adventure give us our first real joy in reading. For the imagination, that faculty for which the school has no room, and which pedagogy most atrociously maltreats, from its shackles and dungeons clamors for freedom. Our truly vital sense and knowledge of the superiority of a Goethe over a Montépin is not born within us, not bestowed upon us by nature, but is attained by our own individual effort. When, acting after the fashion of the schoolmaster, I snatch a novel from the hand of the uncultivated reader and force him to read a masterpiece instead, I am plucking up by the roots his genuine feeling for art, I am destroying his natural enjoyment. I am depriving him of the very book that provides for him the highest artistic revelation that is possible for him, I am robbing him of the greatest of artistic blessings. He becomes a parrot, and learns only as a bare fact that Goethe is the greatest of poets. Also our theoretical instruction in criticism is of secondary value only. And it is sheer stupidity to take a reader, plunged by some popular fiction into an ecstasy of delight, and prove to him from Lessing and Aristotle that his satisfaction springs from the wrong sources."

Perhaps this language is a trifle over-emphatic,

but to destroy the walls of pedagogical prescription a trumpet blast rather than the piping of a penny whistle is needed.

We should very much like to see the Scherl experiment tried in English. To outward seeming the product would be merely another library of reprints. But if the selection were skilfully made, by someone having a genuine psychological insight into the workings of the immature mind, the series would be unlike any that now exists. It would move steadily, although probably in a spiral path, from comparatively crude examples of fiction to works of refined art. Each book in the series would be carefully chosen with special reference to the one that came before and the one that was to follow. And many a reader, working not painfully but delightedly through the series, would at the end of his upward progress find himself, not perhaps upon the very summit of Parnassus, but at least well above the level of its lower slopes.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE INGENIOUS MR. DE MORGAN can invent other things besides plots for novels. In an illustrated booklet, "William De Morgan," issued for free distribution by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., we read that this versatile son of the noted mathematician and logician, Augustus De Morgan (author of the well-known "Budget of Paradoxes") not only manufactures tiles of so peculiar a lustre and finish that they are in demand for the best English houses, but he also claims to have devised the best duplex bicycle (whatever that may be) and the most effective sieve in existence, as well as a smoke-consuming fire-grate. Two snap-shot photographs of Mr. De Morgan taking his ease in sunny Florence reveal him as a very likable, thoroughly sincere sort of man, and a reproduction of a portrait of him painted by his artist wife gives another rather different but not unfavorable impression. When he is not in Florence he lives at Chelsea, in a rambling house called "The Vale," to which Mrs. De Morgan's studio is attached. In a recent magazine article the novelist thus described his way of working: "I make no scenario, I just go on finding, as one often does, such inspiration as is necessary from my pen. I find that the mere holding of a pen makes me think. The pen even seems to have some consciousness of its own. It can certainly begin the work. Then I forget all about it and go on where-soever thought or the characters lead me. I think I work best in Florence, where it is always quiet and where there is something stimulating in the air. I work there all the winter through."

SHAKESPEARE AS A "REFORMED" SPELLER, though he lived three hundred years too early to be conscious of his reformation, is instructively referred to by Professor Lounsbury in a paper read at the second annual meeting of the Simplified Spelling Board and printed for distribution by the Board. Whether we are language-menders or not, radicals or conservatives in our spelling,

it is of interest to know that in matters of orthography extremes may meet and the most radical measures may prove to be the most conservative in a certain sense. Many of the simplified spellings are quite largely recognized to be returns to ancient forms. In the Shakespeare folio of 1623, for example, as Professor Lounsbury points out, the ending -er (where we now more commonly write -re) is far from unusual. *Meter* appears twice in that volume; *metre* not at all. *Scepter* is found thirty-six times; *sceptre* not once. *Center* is never spelled with -re. *Sepulcher* occurs eleven times, *sepulchre* twice. *Theater* is preferred to *theatre* five times out of six. *Honor* is met with in both spellings, but twice as often with -or as with -our. The man for whom Shakespeare's spelling was "good enough" was unfortunate in his choice of a model, however praiseworthy for his spirit of conservatism. One minor point presents itself for comment in Mr. Lounsbury's carefully-prepared paper. In the very act of urging that any changes made should be consistent — or, as he says, in regard to vowel-sounds, "a decision ought to be reached as to the precise form by which these sounds are to be indicated universally" — he uses (or the reformed printer does it for him) in two successive sentences the forms *fonetic* and *orthography*. We also find *alfabet*, not *alphabet*, in his paper. If the Greek letter phi must abdicate in one or in several instances, why not in all?

THE SIZE OF EX-PRESIDENTS' ROYALTIES, when ex-presidents of this country have been the recipients of royalties on literary productions, has been large. The current queries as to how much Mr. Roosevelt will probably receive from the Messrs. Scribner for his African hunting-book might perhaps receive some sort of approximate answer from the instance of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs." A sum varying from four hundred thousand to half a million dollars is commonly given as Mrs. Grant's receipts from this book. Before it was published, the author had received what were then considered very large payments for the serial issue of certain portions in "The Century Magazine"; and the annual returns on the work even now must be considerable. The first check sent to Mrs. Grant by the publishers is said (who knows on what authority?) to have been for two hundred thousand dollars, and the next for three-quarters of that sum, — figures that might fill with envy even the writers of latter-day "best sellers." Mr. Cleveland, it is reported, received handsome remuneration for what he wrote; and no president before Mr. Roosevelt has written so much and on so great a variety of subjects. The editing and publishing of the late ex-president's unpublished writings will be a literary event of interest in the near future — all but eclipsed, of course, by the hunting adventures of a living ex-president.

THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD IDEA OF FRANKLIN'S is seen in the bill recently before Parliament for inducing the British public to make more use of daylight and less use of lamplight during the summer months. In the spring of 1679 Franklin, then in Paris, wrote a playful article (entitled in his collected works "An Economical Project") professing his surprise, on being accidentally awakened one morning at six, at beholding the sun rising and flooding his room with light. The astonishing discovery that Paris was illuminated by the sun long before people of fashion thought of rising, he hastened to communicate to the public, and then added his calculations on the amount of wax and tallow burned every summer

for lighting purposes by the citizens of the French capital. Between the 20th of March and the 20th of September, according to his estimate, there were sixty-four million pounds of these illuminants needlessly consumed, at a cost of ninety-six million francs. He proposed a plan of ringing morning bells, firing cannon, and so forth, to compel all sleepers to open their eyes to the light of day and recognize the propriety of using it. The present English project is less obstreperous: it advocates the quiet putting forward of clocks twenty minutes each Sunday in April, with a reverse proceeding each Sunday in September, thus gradually making the summer working day begin one hour and twenty minutes earlier than at present, and applying a practical test to the truth of an old adage hateful to sluggards. In no account of or reference to this curious patriarchal (not to say mediæval) bit of proposed legislation have we seen any acknowledgment to Franklin as the original inventor of the scheme. But he was never so popular in London as in Paris, and perhaps the oversight is not wholly accidental.

THE LIBRARY OF THE "LAUGHING HALL," as described by Mr. J. N. Farquhar in that excellent Indian monthly, "The Hindustan Review" (edited by Sachchidananda Sinha and published at Allahabad) is a separate building connected with most of the larger Buddhist temples in Japan — perhaps elsewhere too, though this is not made clear — and is usually prettily carved and brightly painted, and seldom open to visitors. But admission is not difficult to obtain, and when the doors are flung apart the first object to meet the view is the wooden statue of Fu Daishi, or "the Great Buddhist Teacher," with his two sons beside him, one at the right, the other at the left, and both laughing heartily; hence the name of the hall. But the chief feature of the library of the Laughing Hall ("Warai-do") is a mammoth octagonal revolving bookcase which nearly fills the building, but is so nicely mounted on its pivot as to turn under a gentle pressure of the hand. The case is supposed to contain a printed copy of the Chinese Buddhist canon, but this is seldom found to be complete. Fu Daishi, a wise Chinese teacher, realizing that the canon was too big to be studied and understood in its entirety, invented the revolving bookcase — a sort of sacred *carrousel* one might call it — and caused it to be proclaimed that whoever made the novel construction spin round thrice on its axis would thereby acquire the same merit as if he had mastered the whole body of religious literature it held. The two boys, one may imagine, are laughing in filial glee at their father's cleverness. But, after all, this is only another form of the familiar praying-wheel, so that we see not why the lads should split their sides over it.

WAYS OF DENOTING EMPHASIS in print are more numerous and varied than one might at first suppose. Punctuation is one recognized method: separating a word or phrase by commas from the rest of the sentence often gives it a mild but unmistakable emphasis of its own. The little arcs of circles that are used for parentheses may also call special attention to what they profess to make merely subordinate to the context. The exclamation point, too, either alone or in connection with the marks of parenthesis, is an effective emphaser. Dashes, in pairs or singly, are often impressive to the eye. Italics, of course, afford the readiest and commonest means of arresting attention; but many printing offices dialike these warped and unsightly characters, and the compositor's unwillingness to be troubled with an addi-

tional and little-used font of type is only natural. Readers of German must have noted with approval the common mode of marking emphasis in that language, — the spacing of the letters of the emphasized word. To reader and compositor alike this device commends itself and might well be adopted universally. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, let it be counted to his credit, is doing his best to naturalize this typographical Teutonism in his own country. The innovation has much in its favor. The spaced letters represent to the eye what the slower, more impressive pronunciation of the stressed word is to the ear. Of course the manuscript indication of emphasis by underlining would remain unchanged, but for typewriters spacing would be a welcome substitute for the present usage.

THE PUZZLING PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES is a constant source of fret and vexation; and this waste of nervous energy is a thing to be avoided when the mercury stands at ninety and over in the shade. The pungent pen of the public librarian at Los Angeles has been making merry, in a semi-satirical manner, over the twelve native mispronunciations of the name of his city. Especially does he deprecate the "jabber *g*" almost universally heard in the utterance of the name, whereas the true sound is not unlike that of German *ch*, or, if one cannot achieve the aspirated guttural, our own hard *g* will serve fairly well in rapid pronunciation. "Quite as bad," continues Mr. Lummis, "are those who give the two *e*'s the 'day' sound (which *e* in Spanish has only when accented) and call the last word 'ANN-Hay-Lee.' This is indeed a commonplace of the two-bit 'Spanish-in-twenty-four-lessons' vocabularies; but is as offensive to the critic as the jabber *g*. Despite notable geographic differences, the *e*-sounds are identical in 'heaven' 'hell' and 'Los Angeles.'" To sum up the whole case in convenient mnemonic form, Mr. Lummis appends "the following local jingle":

"The lady would remind you, please,
Her name is not
Lost Angie Lees,
Nor Angie anything whatever.
She hopes her friends will be so clever
To share her fit historic pride
The *G* shall not be jellified.
O long, *G* hard, and rhyme with 'yes,'
And all about
Loce Ang-el-eas."

A COPPÉE ANECDOTE, at once enjoyable and pointing a wholesome moral, has been wafted across the Atlantic. The deceased novelist and poet was in early life introduced to Catulle Mendès, who received him cordially and welcomed him to his salon in the Rue de Douai, where a little circle of poets recited their poems to one another. One day Mendès received an unsigned copy of verses written in a beautiful hand; and the same evening he read them — they bore the title "Les Fleurs Mortelles" — to his assembled company. They evoked praise to the point of enthusiasm; and when their author (Coppée, of course) acknowledged them as his, and confessed to "six thousand others," his kind host bade him bring them also, bring them all! The young man complied, and, after Mendès had finished reading them, asked his opinion of their merit. "To be frank with you," was the critic's blunt rejoinder, "they are all execrable. You are admirably gifted, but you don't know the first word of your trade." "Teach it to me, then," returned Coppée, and without flinching he threw his precious verses, the whole six thousand, into the fire and resolutely set about learning how to do better.

THE WEARY WANDERINGS OF "MADEMOISELLE IXE," before she (or it) found hospitable reception at the hands of Mr. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, contain matter for the encouragement of unrecognized genius. For five years the graceful little tale, which only wanted publication to leap into immediate popular favor, went the round of the publishers before its final sponsor ended its travels. Its author, Miss Mary Elizabeth Hawker, better known by her pseudonym "Lanoe Falconer," has recently died, leaving to her credit at least two other successful novels, "The Hôtel d'Angleterre" and "Cecilia de Noël," besides a collection of pleasant sketches entitled "Old Hampshire Vignettes." Another woman novelist whose first work likewise had many unappreciative professional readings before it was given to the kinder public, and who quickly thereafter attained fame (with her own widening circle of readers) and fortune (wherewith she built herself a castle in Wales), has also lately died. "Allen Raine"—which, prosaically rendered, means Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe—issued her first book, "A Welsh Singer," in 1897, and since then her publishers have sold almost two million copies of her popular stories. The six publishers who are said to have rejected "A Welsh Singer" before it found favor with Messrs. Hutchinson must have shed many subsequent tears of mortification and repentance.

SONG-STRAINS FROM A NEW REPUBLIC are wafted to us from Cuba in two recent publications, *Amor de Ensueño y de Romanticismo*, by Federico Uhrbach, and *La Visión del Águila*, by José Manuel Carbonell. There seems to be, indeed, a remarkable intellectual ferment throughout all Latin America. In Cuba alone, such names as Ricardo del Monte, Conde Kostia, Enrique José Varona, Alfredo Martín Morales, and Arturo R. de Carricarte, though little known to us, count for a good deal. All these writers, all the Spanish-American writers, look to France for leadership and models, and it would probably be impossible to shake this allegiance and get them to accept our ideals and art. But now that the United States is making an effort to know and be known to the other peoples of our Western World, it would not only be a courteous but a politic thing to give some attention to their literature. There is nothing that any country appreciates more than consideration paid to its intellectual performances. Why does not one of our enterprising magazines secure from a competent authority an article or set of articles giving some account of Cuban and Mexican and South American writers?

THE HUMORS OF GENEALOGY-HUNTERS, as they display themselves to weary and long-suffering library attendants, reveal very clearly the fact that however varied and unaccountable may be the humors of these delvers into forgotten lore, their sense of humor, in the singular number, is conspicuously absent. From the Peabody Library in Baltimore comes the story of a pedigree-chaser who, with the customary vagueness of conception as to what line of inquiry to pursue and what books to ask for, placidly shifted the burden of the whole affair on to the shoulders of the uncomplaining attendant. In due time a small mountain of books likely to prove helpful was brought to the visitor, who, after surveying them in surprise, pleaded weakness of eyesight and asked the panting servitor to do the necessary reading and dig for the desired information. But this was more than that accommodating person could undertake, regular duties forbidding. "Well," said

the other, with a last look at the laboriously gathered volumes, "I'll read them some other time. Good day, and thank you ever so much!" It may be interesting to note that the visitor was a woman.

A QUEBEC PAGEANT IN A LIBRARY is what the fine display of Americana at the John Carter Brown Library might be called. While the conquest of Canada has just been presented in mimic form to the citizens of Quebec and their visiting friends, the people of Providence and vicinity have had exposed to their view a rich collection of priceless manuscripts, maps, and early printed works, relating to the early history of our northern neighbor. Most important of all is the auto-graph manuscript of Champlain's account of his first voyage to this continent and of his explorations as far southward as the West Indies and the City of Mexico. This manuscript, after remaining in the hands of Champlain's descendants for three hundred years, was purchased by John Nicholas Brown in 1884, and eventually became a part of the memorial library named after his father, John Carter Brown, and now administered by the trustees of Brown University. This library, because of its unrivalled collection of early Americana, is able to make a unique display of illustrative matter bearing on the great events celebrated at Quebec.

OUR FAR-WESTERN NEIGHBOR, JAPAN, is regarded by Professor George Trumbull Ladd as rather occidental than oriental in type. In a late issue of the "International Conciliation" bi-monthly pamphlets, Dr. Ladd treats of the relations of America and Japan, and of the desirability of a firm friendship between the two. He takes occasion to say that "Japan has never been, and is not now, *Oriental*, as are India, China, and Korea. Its two hundred and fifty years of exclusiveness and of isolated feudal development, as well as certain racial characteristics, prevented the more purely *Oriental* type of civilization from gaining supremacy there." And, what is more, he believes that "the citizen of the United States or of Western Europe, who is prepared to get below certain superficial differences and reach down to the more fundamental likeness, may feel more at home in Japan than in certain parts of Europe itself; and much more than in Turkey in Asia or, indeed, any portion of the Near East." Thus do extremes meet, and what we had thought to be the Farthest East proves to be instead the Farthest West.

A "BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MUNICIPAL BETTERMENT" has been issued by the Kansas City Public Library, the classified titles filling the greater part of the April number of "The Public Library Quarterly." The bibliography appears to embrace only material in the library itself, but is of very respectable proportions nevertheless. First comes a list of books, under various subclasses such as, — Baths, Charities, Child Labor, Cities, Citizenship, Elections, Food and Food Adulteration, Housing Problem; and so on through the alphabet. Then follows a 47-page list of periodical articles, under appropriate headings. A short preface on "The Betterment Movement" precedes the bibliography and calls attention to the importance of concerted action on the part of all citizens interested in municipal improvement. "The ideal city of our century," the preface concludes, "must have civic beauty as well as civic safety, and the responsibility rests on every individual, as a part of a unit, to accomplish this end."

The New Books.

A FORGER OF THUNDERBOLTS.*

Like Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights and the Bank of England, the London "Times" has always been taken seriously; and so long as it resists the increasingly demoralizing tendencies of the press, it will maintain its claim on our serious consideration. Some late controversies and other events, widely chronicled and discussed, have brought "The Times" into unusual public notice, so that the appearance just now of a life of its greatest editor, John Thadeus Delane, is peculiarly seasonable; for an account of Delane during his thirty-six years' editorial conduct of "The Times" is an account of the paper itself during that period. It was in those years, from 1841 to 1877, that this newspaper, already a prominent and authoritative journal under Thomas Barnes's editorship, attained a position of unexampled influence and dignity, and made even princes and potentates tremble when it chose to frown.

How closely John Delane identified himself with "The Times" is indicated by the fact that he became its editor at twenty-three years of age and continued in the editorial chair until two years before his death at sixty-two, taking few and short vacations, cherishing no absorbing outside interests, and never even allowing himself the sweet distraction of a wife. Though he wrote comparatively little himself, there passed under his editorial eye and corrective pen probably no fewer than forty thousand articles which were printed as editorial utterances and for which he was virtually and legally responsible. Much that appeared under the head of leading articles, says his biographer, "was so amended by his pen that it was in reality Delane's handiwork, and his ablest writers, instead of feeling impatient at his alterations and corrections, were free to confess that he had much improved their composition."

So early in his young manhood did this great editor take up the work to which he was to devote the rest of his life that little of interest remains to be said of his history apart from his journalistic labors and those activities in society and in occasional travel that he made contributory to his influence and equipment as head of "The Times." He was born in London, Oct. 11, 1817, of Protestant Irish ancestry, the family

* JOHN THADEUS DELANE, Editor of "The Times." His Life and Correspondence. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

being settled in England as early as the seventeenth century. Why John Thadeus, or his parents, chose to misspell his middle name, is not explained. Graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1840, he immediately joined the staff of "The Times," of which his father was business manager and John Walter chief proprietor. Young Delane had already dipped his maiden pen in journalistic ink, though what and how much he had written cannot now be determined; but his ability received prompt recognition of so cordial a nature that when Barnes died in the following year the new recruit was called upon to fill his chair. A few years later Delane's college friend and subsequent brother-in-law, George Webbe Dasent, now known to the world chiefly for his studies in Norse mythology, was summoned to assist him in the editorship, and for a quarter of a century the two labored in a common cause with mutual profit and satisfaction. This professional and personal intimacy left Dasent, on his friend's death, peculiarly fitted to become his biographer; and a biography was contemplated, though contemplation had not passed into action when the surviving friend was himself overtaken by death, leaving to his son, Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent (who, by the way, also took a wife from the Delane family), the task not merely of completing, but of beginning as well as ending, the tardy history of Delane's brilliant achievements in journalism. Letters in abundance, to and from Delane, and especially from him to his friend Dasent, were at hand for aid in this work, and they have been copiously drawn upon in the book.

To give, in the author's own words, a conception of the power exerted by "The Times" under Delane's editorship, we will quote a few sentences.

"As compared with the present state of the Press, now so largely dominated by sensation and advertisement, the influence of *The Times* under Delane can hardly be conceived; and we may say without exaggeration or partiality that, as conducted by him for a period of thirty-six years, the literary reputation of the paper reached its zenith. Instead of blindly following public opinion, he rose to such a position of supremacy in his profession that he was able to create it; and on more than one memorable occasion, if the Government of the day in formulating its policy minted the coin, it was *The Times* which uttered it and saw that it rang true."

A three-page list of the journal's principal contributors and staff-members under Delane is appended, and the names of parliamentary leaders and other statesmen and celebrities who corresponded and consulted with the great editor and potent moulder of public opinion would

make a much longer catalogue. Of some of these noted men who were from time to time enlisted in Delane's service the author says :

" Robert Lowe, like another of Delane's trusted writers who still lives — a journalist before he became a politician, — the epigrammatic and cynical Abraham Hayward, Thomas Mozley (Newman's brother-in-law), the brilliant if erratic Laurence Oliphant, George Stovin Venables, Kinglake, Cheshire, Henry Wace, now dean of Canterbury, William Stebbing, the editor's right-hand man in his later years in Printing House Square, and last, but by no means least, Sir William Howard Russell, the first of war correspondents — all these and many more were brought into the service of the paper by Delane."

There is still another famous character that must not be passed over in this connection. He has a paragraph to himself in the account of those who helped to build up "The Times."

" But to the catalogue of clever brains who, at the bidding of a master mind, devoted the best years of their lives to building up the prosperity and power of *The Times* must be added the name of yet another, prominent alike in the world of politics and letters, with whom, from the very earliest days of his editorship, Delane was in close touch. This was Charles Greville, that thorough man of the world, who, under a cynical exterior, successfully concealed a nature which contained the elements of kindness and generosity. What Pepys was to the seventeenth and Horace Walpole to the eighteenth century, the sardonic 'Gruncher' was to the nineteenth, and his *Memoirs*, the very salt of political and social autobiography, must ever remain a mine of information to those who desire to study at first hand the inner history of governments in England from the reign of George IV. to the mid-Victorian era."

Delane's occasional foreign travels took him as far east as the Crimea, in 1854, and as far west as Niagara Falls, in 1856; and from his American letters to Dasent the following, written at Albany, comes near to being an epis-tolary curiosity.

" I really ought not to write you anything, for I am very tired, and unless I were to write a volume I could give you no real idea of the impression this country makes on me. It seems a mass of contradictions. Everything is so familiar in one respect, and yet so unlike what one has ever seen before. People are extremely brusque and yet extravagantly civil. The servants are most obliging friends, strangers accost you after the old [a word illegible] form, and, having broken the ice, themselves 'guess' you would like to know their friends, who are accordingly introduced, shake hands and talk Election. Then, leaving Boston this morning, we have passed through fifty miles at least of primeval forest with very few 'clearings,' and even in these the stumps sticking up in every square yard, while whole groves of 'girdled' trees in the distance look like as many skeletons. On Saturday a banker 'concluded' I was from Europe and talked an hour about what I had best see while a crowd of customers were waiting. The hotels are capital; beyond all praise for their cleanliness, order, good attendance and liberality. . . . The English are very

popular and I have heard it said a dozen times that America felt humbled when we declined to take offence at the dismissal of Crampton. At church yesterday the preacher — Theodore Parker, a great gun here — spoke of England as 'that country which we all love so dearly,' and on Friday all Boston went mad at a dinner given to Peabody as a reward for his supposed exertions to keep the peace."

After all that, it is with regret that we recall the attitude taken by "The Times" toward this hospitable and liberal Northern section of our country when it found itself plunged in civil strife and acutely sensitive to the friendly or hostile air worn by on-looking nations across the water. With Palmerston in the government and Delane in his great newspaper expressing sympathy for the South, how different might have been the course of nineteenth-century history but for a combination of lucky accidents — one of them being the break-down of the Atlantic cable, which at a critical juncture caused delay in trans-oceanic communication and made for calmer counsels and cooler second thoughts.

In summing up Delane's qualities in the concluding chapter of the book, the author has this to say among other things — he refers especially to the famous editor's sturdy independence :

" Taking this view of his position, he was at no time what could be called a party man, yet his instincts were essentially Liberal, as the columns of the paper sufficiently show. Hewn out of the very ore of liberty and progress, they will ever remain the best monument to his memory. It was his pride to administer the editorship justly, fearlessly, and generously, and while some may say that he was proud, harsh, and even a remorseless taskmaster, our testimony must be that he was a true, sincere, and kind-hearted man, animated by a lofty sense of duty, incapable of an unjust or dishonorable act."

This excellent biography of Delane the editor, but somewhat meagre description of Delane the man and member of society, is written in a style that comes so near to being good as almost to tantalize the reader. A very little more care would have polished many a roughness, smoothed out many a wrinkle. We must bestow a word of praise upon the excellent index and occasional footnotes, and the two clear portraits of Delane. There are but four other illustrations, which may be counted a relief in these days of cheap and abundant process prints.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE late Willard Fiske, besides leaving to Cornell University his collection of Icelandic books, left also a fund of five thousand dollars, the income of which was to be devoted to publications of Icelandic interest. The result is an annual called "Icelandica," the first volume of which, now issued, is a "Bibliography of the Icelandic Sagas and Minor Tales," prepared by Mr. Halldor Hermannsson.

THE UNREST OF THE ORIENT.*

That the political and economic equilibrium of the Orient has rarely been less stable than it is to-day, is the all but universal testimony of observers of Far Eastern affairs. We are assured on every hand that the restless ambition and aggressiveness of Japan presages expansion, exploitation, bitter rivalries, and stubborn conflict; that Russia is but temporarily checked, not in any real sense defeated, in her great purpose of dominance toward the Pacific; that China is certain to remain a disturbing factor of prime importance, whether as an awakened and regenerated power or as the tool and victim of predatory nations; that, in brief, the future historian of the Orient will look back upon the late Russo-Japanese war as merely an episode—at the most, a sort of prologue—in the perennial combat of Far Eastern forces.

The most recent presentation of this line of argument by one who may fairly be termed an expert is to be found in Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale's "The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia." This volume is announced as the conclusion of a series whose publication was begun five years ago. In "Manchu and Muscovite" (1903) the point of view was distinctly unfavorable to Russia, and the author did not hesitate to shower praise upon the Japanese as the ablest rivals of the Muscovite and as the sole vigorous champions of the higher civilization in the Orient. At the close of the war (during which Mr. Weale was a careful personal observer of Far Eastern affairs) appeared a more ambitious work under the title "The Re-shaping of the Far East." In this book the status of China, Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, and of the Occidental powers represented in the Orient, was described at great length; but the author felt obliged to recall much of his earlier laudation of Japan and to substitute for it an attitude of moderate censure, particularly when Korean affairs were under consideration. In 1907 the third book in the series was published, "The Truce in the East and its Aftermath." In it the author advanced to a more pronounced arraignment of Japan, maintaining that Japanese aims and ideals had developed in a direction absolutely different from that which had been expected, and that they had become plainly subversive of the best interests of the Orient and of the world at large.

The volume now under review, "The Coming

* THE COMING STRUGGLE IN EASTERN ASIA. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Struggle in Eastern Asia," is hardly the ablest and most convincing of the series, but it contains much that is worth while, and in relation to Mr. Weale's personal views it marks a full and unreserved conversion from the pro-Japanese of five years ago to the strongly anti-Japanese of to-day. The book is presented by its author as "a careful revaluation of the old forces in the Far Eastern situation, as they displayed themselves during the first half of this year (1907)." It falls into three parts, the first dealing with "Russia Beyond Lake Baikal," the second with "The New Problem of Eastern Asia," and the third with "The Struggle Round China."

The first part comprises a very detailed description of conditions in easternmost Russia as the author found them during an observation trip in the autumn of 1906. The starting-point is Vladivostock, which, it is pointed out, has become once more "the outlook post, the advanced entrenched position of great White Russia." After an interesting exposition of the commercial and military strength of this point, the author goes on to tell of the Ussuri railway, Khabarovsk and the Amur province, and the present status of Manchuria. The fundamental fact, in Mr. Weale's judgment, in the whole problem of the future of Eastern Asia is the steady, irresistible, inevitable advance of Russia—of *European* Russia—toward the Pacific. "The Siberia of the story-books," he declares, "has already disappeared never to return. Siberia must now be looked upon as the exact Russian equivalent of the American Far West or the new Canadian Northwest. Railways, a great movement of virile men and women, agricultural machinery, houses of brick, wood, and stone, and all the inventions of a marvellously inventive age,—in a very short interval these can make an unconquered country, which is inhabited by inferior races and is gifted with a wholesome soil and climate, a new piece of Europe, as European as the countries of the old world, as white as the whitest." It is Mr. Weale's conviction that they not only *can* do this, but that they are already rapidly doing it in Asiatic Russia.

The second part of the book is taken up with a consideration of the present state of Japan, with reference to government, industry, commerce, finance, military and naval strength, colonies, emigration, and international relations. Despite the strong anti-Japanese slant already mentioned, the treatment is candid and illuminating. Not the least valuable chapter for the

general reader is one describing very clearly the actual workings of the Japanese imperial government, accompanied by the complete text of the much misunderstood Japanese constitution of 1889. This is followed, in the third part, by a similar interpretation of present-day China. Although one may not glean from it a great deal that is really new, one cannot put his hands upon a more sane, compact, and readable discussion of the subject in English.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

THE LARGER PROBLEMS OF HEREDITY.*

We learn from the Preface to this book that it "is intended as an introduction to the study of heredity, which everyone admits to be a subject of fascinating interest and of great practical importance. . . . Simple the exposition cannot be, if one has any ambition for thoroughness; but it is probably simple enough for those who have got beyond the pottering, platitudinarian stage, which deals in heredity with a capital H." This quotation may be supplemented by the remark that the book has the usual qualities of Professor Thomson's writings; that is to say, it is intelligible, pleasant to read, and distinguished by a broad outlook. If it does not contribute any important original facts, it is at least sufficiently original in the matter of treatment, while at the same time impartial enough to furnish an adequate exposition of all the more noteworthy points of view. At the present time, when there is a growing sense of the immense practical importance of the subject, following close on the heels of numerous remarkable discoveries, the value of a work which is at once up to date and capable of being understood by any ordinarily intelligent person can scarcely be exaggerated. It is not too much to say, that no one is fitted to deal with the problems which are now looming large on the horizon of human affairs, who has not paid attention to such matters as are discussed in Professor Thomson's book. We are not exactly prepared to insist that the perusal of the work should be a *sine qua non* for all who propose to exercise the rights of suffrage or of parenthood; but it can scarcely be doubted that if it were possible to enforce such a ruling, great benefits would result.

Professor Thomson is not one of those who would reduce sociology to a mere branch of zoölogy. Himself a keen sociologist, he recog-

nizes fully that human society contains many elements which cannot be interpreted — at any rate at present — by purely biological reasoning. To treat human consciousness and its consequences in a purely biological way is as misleading as the reduction of biological phenomena to mere chemistry and mechanics. Whatever one may believe as to ultimate possibilities, whatever monism may be one's philosophical creed, humanity spells words which, whether or not composed of mere letters of the biological alphabet, mean something very different from those letters themselves, singly or collectively. All of this is fully and frankly recognized; and because of this, the reader will accept with a better heart the weighty advice of biology to sociology — advice no more to be brushed aside than that of the physical sciences to biology itself.

"By the education of conscience on a scientific basis there is already arising a wholesome prejudice against the marriage and especially the intermarriage of subjects in whom there is a strong hereditary bias to certain diseases — such as epilepsy and diabetes, to take two very different instances. Is it Utopian to hope that this will extend with increasing knowledge, and that the ethical consciousness of the average man will come more and more to include in its varied content 'a feeling of responsibility for the healthfulness of succeeding generations? . . .

"The argument always used against deliberate preferential mating on a eugenic basis is that our ignorance is immense. And this must be frankly admitted. Yet there are some things that we do know. . . .

"That the best general constitutions should be mated, is the first rule of good breeding. That a markedly good constitution should not be paired with a markedly bad one, is a second rule, — a disregard of which means wanton wastage. A third rule is that a person exhibiting a bias towards a specific disease should not marry another with the same bias. . . . In other words, every possible care should be taken of a relatively sound stock. The careless tainting of a good stock is a social crime" (pp. 305-306).

All this will have to contend with a wall of ancient prejudice; nevertheless, —

"The basis of preferential mating is not unalterable; in fact, we know that it sways hither and thither from age to age. Possible marriages are every day prohibited or refrained from for the absurdest of reasons; there is no reason why they should not be prohibited or refrained from for the best of reasons — the welfare of our race. For the average man, instinctive 'falling in love' will probably remain a safer guide than any scientific eugenic counsels, but there is no reason to doubt that eugenic considerations will in the course of time enter subconsciously into the prolegomena of that mysterious process."

On the other hand, the process of selection cannot be left to unaided "nature."

"It has often been said that modern hygiene, in tending to eliminate our eliminators — the microbes — is

* HEREDITY. By J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

destroying a most valuable selective agency which has helped to make our race what it is. This seems a little like saying that the destruction of venomous snakes in India is eliminating a most valuable selective agency which has helped to evolve the Wisdom of the East.

"It is difficult to find justification for the enthusiastic confidence which some seem to have in the value of microbes as eliminators. Which microbe? Surely not that of plague, which strikes indifferently, and is no more discriminately selective than an earthquake. Surely not that of typhus, which used to kill weak and strong alike. Surely not that of typhoid, which may strike anyone, and does not confer more than a passing immunity. And so on through a long list."

In other words, these microbes merely spare those resistant to themselves, a form of selection which produces results quite disconnected with higher human values, and only of importance from any standpoint *in the presence of the diseases*. In the competition of race with race, where some have undergone this kind of evolution while others have not, the outcome has a terrible significance — the tax which in the one case has been exacted through the centuries, being in the other levied all at once, as it were; but for intraracial ends, especially in the light of modern science, the microbes may well be dispensed with. So says Professor Thomson.

"At present we can only indicate that the future of our race depends on *Eugenics* (in some form or other), combined with the simultaneous evolution of *Eutechnics* and *Eutopias*. 'Brave words,' of course; but surely not 'Utopian'!" (p. 308).

It must not be supposed that the book consists principally of propagandist argument; it is full of recitals of the most interesting and important facts, which we make no attempt to summarize. It is for these that it should be read, because they supply the materials from which everyone may draw his own conclusions. In the attempt to be perfectly clear, the author has practically repeated himself a good deal in different places; but this no doubt has an adequate pedagogical justification, assuming that the reader is not a specialist. Although the work may fairly be described as up to date, the progress of the subject is such that in the mere processes of printing and publishing any treatment gets belated. Thus it happens that the recent important results of Tower and MacDougal throwing light on the causes of variation have either not been considered or have reached the author so recently that it was impracticable to make use of them. That Tower's work was not unknown to Professor Thomson is evident from the fact that he cites it in the bibliography and copies some of the figures from it.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

RECENT POETRY.*

When Mr. Swinburne told the tragic story of the Lombard queen, some years ago, it seemed as if he had carried to its utmost extreme the reaction from the exuberant and verbose manner of his earlier dramatic period. But "The Duke of Gandia" shows that a further extreme was still possible, for nothing is more marvellous about this new work than its compression, its bareness of ornament, and its success in making suggestion a substitute for speech. For these reasons it does not lend itself readily to quotation. One fine passage of considerable length may, however, be given, with the explanation that it is spoken by Caesar Borgia, after he has done to death his brother Francesco, to the grief-stricken Alexander, their father.

"What they say and what thou sayest I hold False. Tho' thou hast wept as woman, howled as wolf, Above our dead, thou art hale and whole. And now Behoves thee rise again as Christ our God, Vicarious Christ, and cast as flesh away This grief from off thy godhead. I and thou, One, will set hard as never God hath set To the empire and the steerage of the world. Do thou forget but him who is dead, and was Nought, and bethink thee what a world to wield The sternal God hath given into thine hands Which daily mould him out of bread, and give His kneaded flesh to feed on. Thou and I Will make this rent and ruinous Italy One. Ours it shall be, body and soul, and great Above all power and glory given of God To them that died to set thee where thou art — Throned on the dust of Caesar and of Christ, Imperial. Earth shall quail again, and rise Again the higher because she trembled. Rome So bade it be: it was, and shall be."

What is probably the most striking evidence of the restraint under which the poet has placed himself in the composition of this grim tragedy is the fact that only a single lyric — and that of four lines only — occurs in the entire work. These are the lovely words of the song, the last upon the lips of the doomed Francesco.

"Love and night are life and light;
Sleep and wine and song
Speed and slay the halting day
Ere it live too long."

*THE DUKE OF GANDIA. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE GOLDEN HYND, and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE DARK AGES, and Other Poems. By "L." New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE DEAD FRIENDSHIP, and Other Poems. By Litchfield Woods. Glasgow: Frederick W. Wilson & Co.

SONGS OF LIFE AND LOVE. By May Aldington. London: David Nutt.

WILD HONEY FROM VARIOUS THYME. By Michael Field. New York: The A. Wessels Co.

POEMS. By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Co.

LYRICS AND LANDSCAPES. By Harrison S. Morris. New York: The Century Co.

VOICES AND VISIONS. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French, & Co.

FROM QUIET VALLEYS. By Thomas S. Jones, Jr. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.

GYPSY VERSES. By Helen Hay Whitney. New York: Duffield & Co.

A SCALLOP SHELL OF QUIET. By Caroline Hazard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"That shalt not thou," says the assassin, and the dagger is plunged into Francesco's breast. One old trick of Mr. Swinburne's diction has become a mannerism in the present poem. We refer to the *enjambement* which carries a thought over to the first syllable of the next line. Four examples of this may be found in the passage above quoted, and innumerable others elsewhere in the work. Artistically, the effect of this device is admirable; it heightens our sense of the verbal economy at which the poet has so evidently aimed throughout. This marvellous work, which no other poet now living could dream of equaling, is of small dimensions, consisting of but four hundred verses, divided into four brief scenes. But it bears all the burden of a full-grown tragedy.

These remarks about Mr. Swinburne's tragedy may fittingly be followed by an account of the volume in which Mr. Alfred Noyes pays reverent homage to his master. It is another case of

"The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore,"

for Mr. Noyes is the latest comer to the ranks of those to whom poetry is a high and sacred mission, and his tribute was evoked by the occasion of Mr. Swinburne's seventieth birthday. We have space only for the last two of the four stanzas.

"For he, the last of that immortal race
Whose music like a robe of living light
Re-clothed each new-born age and made it bright
As with the glory of Love's transfiguring face,
Reddened earth's roses, kindled the deep blue
Of England's radiant ever-singing sea,
Recalled the white Thalassian from the foam,
Woke the dim stars anew,
And triumphed in the triumph of Liberty,
We claim him; but he hath not here his home.

"Not here! Round him to-day the clouds divide.
We know what faces thro' that rose-flushed air
Now bend above him — Shelley's face is there,
And Hugo's lit with more than kingly pride;
Replenished there with splendour the blind eyes
Of Milton bend from heaven to meet his own;
Sappho is there crowned with those queenlier flowers
Whose graft outgrew our skies,
His gift: Shakespeare leans earthward from his throne
With hands outstretched. He needs no crown of ours."

We particularly welcome in Mr. Noyes the recurrence of that note of deep and lofty patriotism which is the glory, not only of Mr. Swinburne, but also of Milton and Shelley, of Wordsworth and Tennyson, the note which has been conspicuously missing from the blatant mouthings of the latter-day singers of imperialism. We find it in "The Empire-Builders," which thus begins and thus ends:

"Who are the Empire-builders? They
Whose desperate arrogance demands
A self-reflecting power to sway
A hundred little selfless lands?
Lord God of battles, ere we bow
To these and to their soulless lust,
Let fall thy thunders on us now
And strike us equal to the dust.

"For hearts that to their home are true
Where'er the tides of power may flow,
Have built a kingdom great and new
Which Time nor Fate shall overthrow;
These are the Empire-builders, these
Annex where none shall say them nay,
Beyond the world's uncharted seas,
Realms that can never pass away."

We find the same note in the fervent stanzas "In Time of War."

"And here to us the eternal charge is given
To rise and make our low world touch God's high:
To hasten God's own Kingdom, Man's own heaven,
And teach Love's grander army how to die.

"No kingdom then, no long-continuing city
Shall e'er again be established by the sword;
No blood-bought throne defy the powers of pity,
No despot's crown outweigh one helot's word.

"Imperial England, breathe thy marching orders:
The great host waits; the end, the end is close,
When earth shall know thy peace in all her borders,
And all her deserts blossom with thy Rose."

The classical poems in this volume constitute an important group. Even such worn themes as Orpheus and Phaëthon and Perseus receive a touch of fresh grace in this poet's handling. "The Last of the Titans," for example, tells of the Atlas myth, and of how the slayer of Medusa turned the giant to stone. Here is a fine passage descriptive of the Titan's solitude.

"Beneath him, like a tawny panther-skin,
The great Sahara slept: beyond it lay,
Parcelled and plotted out like tiny fields,
The princedoms and the kingdoms of this earth,
Mountains like frozen wrinkles on a sea,
And seas like rain-pools in a rutted road
Dwindling beneath his loneliness. Above
The chariots of ten thousand thousand suns
Conspired to make him lonelier, and rolled
Their flaming wheels remote, so that they seemed,
E'en Alioth and Fomalhaut, no more
Than dust of diamonds in the abysmal gloom.
So from a huger loneliness he gazed
Over the world where, faint as morning mists
Drifting thro' shadowy battles on the hills,
Drifting thro' many a pageant touched with red,
Cities of men and nations passed away."

Mr. Noyes is singularly happy in his lyrical measures, and his song has the spontaneity of a bird's carolling.

"When that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me,
My spirit broke its bars,
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars."

It is a true poet that we have represented by the above extracts, a poet of such rare quality as to mark him as the peer of the best among the younger generation. He is certainly of the rank of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Watson, and he surpasses the former in freshness of vision, the latter in facility of utterance.

A cultivated and reflective mind, dwelling upon themes of art, religion, history, and the legendary

past, finding for its thoughts and fancies a striking form of individual expression — this is the substance of what is offered us by "L." in "The Dark Ages and Other Poems." If not always poetical, the author has a vigorous form of speech that reaches its mark, as in this section of his titular poem.

"Men call you 'dark.' Was Chaucer's speech a muddy stream,
The language born of Norman sun and Saxon snow ?
Was Langland's verse or Wyclif's prose mere glow-worm's gleam ?

And the tales
Of Arthur's sword and of the Holy Grail,
And Avalon, the isle where no storms blow :
From such romance did no light glance ?
Have we not heard a tongue
Whose word the Saxon thralls
Would scorn to speak above their muck-rake and their fork,
The speech of barrack-rooms and music-halls,
Where every fool has flung
The rotten refuse of Calcutta and New York ?"

Here is a writer who knows what he thinks, and is not chary about saying it. Other pieces reveal a charm that is lacking in the above quotation, and of these "The Bells of Venice" may be taken as an example.

"Ring out again that faltering strain,
Cease not so soon,
Sweet peal that brought to me the thought
Of some deep shadowed English lane
Across the blue lagoon.

"The water street where oarsmen meet
And shout ahead,
The glowing quay, all noise and glee,
Seemed hallowed as when angels' feet
Touched Jacob's stony bed.

"On pearly dome and princely home
Day's glory dies :
Once more the bells' low murmur tells
That faith is not a line of foam
Nor life a bridge of sighs."

The religious note here sounded is the one most characteristic of the author's mood, and is reechoed in a majority of the pieces that make up his volume.

A sort of vivid subjectivity, which makes it fairly clear that the verses are something more than fabrications — are in some degree the distillation of experience — is characteristic of "The Dead Friendship, and Other Poems," by Mr. Litchfield Woods. We may illustrate this statement by quoting the deeply-felt stanzas entitled "This My Heart."

"In this my heart I find a mimic world
Of love and hate, and happiness and tears.
The joys and sorrows of the earth lie furled
Within its subtle depths. With hopes and fears
Its wide domain I conquer and explore,
Of sin and goodness finding more and more
In this my heart.

"In this my heart I stand upon the height
Where God's state in love and beauty keeps ;
In this my heart I dwell in unstarred night
Of sin and horror. Sinking to the depths
Of blackest Hell I find my spirit's kin.
There lies all beauty, love and hate and sin
In this my heart.

"In this my heart are gardens of delight,
And caverns vile of ruin and decay.
With this my heart I plumb the darkest night,
And span the brightness of a fairer day.
There dwells enshrined a blessing and a curse,
The beauty and horror of the universe,
In this my heart."

A strain of melancholy, and a tendency to brood over the darker aspects of life, lead us to suspect that Mr. Woods is still a comparatively young poet. Whether he has realized, or only anticipates, the evanescence of the flush of joy that comes with early years we are not prepared to say, but it is certain that "Youth's Farewell" expresses the mood of this critical transition in terms of singular beauty. The poem is too long to reproduce, save for its closing stanzas.

"Ah ! on her eyes in fondness dwell,
Beyond those orbs is fairyland ;
Ah ! look and take a long farewell,
Upon the fragile hand
Breathe out thy yearning in a trembling kiss,
Breathe out youth's soul and so youth's dreams dismiss.

"One long last kiss, one long last look
Into those heart-compelling eyes,
And youth is but a closed book,
Life's morning splendour dies ;
Ne'er will return its rapture and its zest,
Though oft desired in memory's unrest.

"Ah ! youth, thy moments fly too soon,
Though pure and bright, yet brief the trance,
Come turn thy face towards the noon,
Bid farewell to romance ;
The daylight grows, life's morning rapture dies,
Whilst others throng to feed upon those eyes."

Of the sonnets in this volume we must quote one example, "The Unattainable."

"With heart insurgent 'neath my clasped hands,
With weary eyes on far horizons fed ;
My spirit wanders in enchanted lands
Where pale rose dawns and amber sunsets shed
Eternal loveliness ; where all my dreams
Walk with glad eyes the shining courts of gold ;
And where my hopes, transfigured in the beams
Of purest light, arise and cry. 'Behold,
We give thee all the dreams of thy desire,
Release thy spirit from its prison bars,
Thou canst outsoar the sunset's amber fire,
Reap for thy soul the heavens' wealth of stars ;
And gaze forever with unwearyed eyes
On far horizons where new realms arise.'

This is one of some score of sonnets, all in the Shakespearian form, and all of unusual distinction.

Miss May Aldington's verses are called "Songs of Life and Love," the two terms being taken as coextensive, as far as this little volume reports. "Love Watches" is the name given to the following pair of stanzas.

"I watch the blue veins in your hands,
With ever wondering longing ;
I watch the red blood in your lips,
And feel my pulses throbbing.

"I watch the sea, the earth, the sun,
God's wonders in the making ;
But for the love-light in your eyes,
I watch with heart that's breaking."

To this lyrant, an assonance seems quite as good as a rhyme, and she freely uses it as a substitute.

The two ladies who merge their separate individualities into the imagined character of "Michael Field" have earned for that name the sincere applause of all lovers of poetry. For a quarter of a century volumes thus ascribed have made their appearance in a continuing series, and the latest of them, "Wild Honey from Various Thyme," is no whit inferior to its predecessors. Here are nearly two hundred lyrics and sonnets, packed with thought, and arresting in their originality of expression. Let us take, to begin with, this truly Emersonian crystallization of an idea.

"But if our love be dying let it die
As the rose shedding secretly,
Or as a noble music's pause :
Let it move rhythmic as the laws
Of the sea's ebb, or the sun's ritual
When sovereignly he dies :
Then let a mourner rise and three times call
Upon our love, and the long echoes fall."

Classical myths, sometimes set forth by bare descriptive process and sometimes moralized, are the subjects of a large number of these poems. We select "Mintha" for our illustration.

"Dusk Mintha, purple-eyed, I love thy story —
Where was the grove,
Beneath what alder-strand, or poplar hoary
Did silent Hades look to thee of love ?
Mute wert thou, ever mute, nor didst thou start
Affrighted from thy doom, but in thy heart
Didst bury deep thy god. Persephone
Passed thee by slowly on her way to hell ;
And seeing Death so sore beloved of thee
She sighed, and not in anger wrought the spell
Fixed thee a plant
Of low, close blossom, of suppress perfume,
And leaves that pant
Urgent as if from spicess of a tomb."

The following sonnet is called "Constancy," and the idea has rarely found as striking an expression.

"I love her with the seasons, with the winds,
As the stars worship, as anemones
Shudder in secret for the sun, as bees
Buzz round an open flower : in all kinds
My love is perfect, and in each she finds
Herself the goal: then why, intent to tease
And rob her delicate spirit of its ease,
Hastes she to range me with inconstant minds ?
If she should die, if I were left at large
On earth without her — I, on earth, the same
Quick mortal with a thousand ies, her spell
She fears would break. And I confront the charge
As sorrowing, and as careless of my fame
As Christ intact before the infidel."

One more sonnet, this time a pure interpretation of nature, shall end our extracts from this significant collection. It has "Inept" for a title.

"What is the burthen of this gold sunshine
That burns across the wideness of decay,
Or stamps its splendour on the forest pine,
Or lifts — a token torch — one sweet-fern spray ?
Why would it brand so deep ? The meadows spread
Untarnishable in their pomp of dew,
Or frost, or clear meridian : overhead

Droppeth the night ; but one must creep into
The brake to hide one from the harvest moon,
So wide she stares. Great stars that shed no boon
Flame through the orchard apples laid in heaps.
Why this profusion of September fire
Poured where the thistle in the tilth grows higher,
Laid over the broad fields where no man reaps ?"

Such work as this produces the gratifying effect of dry champagne upon a palate cloyed by the excessive sweetness of most ordinary verse.

At discreet intervals during the last score of years Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson has put forth modest volumes of verse which have charmed thoughtful readers by their grace and sincerity. Now that we have the contents of these volumes (with a few additional pieces) brought within a single pair of covers, we realize with some surprise how great a quantity of good work the author has done, and how considerable a poet he is. This is clearly a case in which the effect of the whole is greater than the sum of the effects produced by the several parts. For one thing, the collective volume shows us the surprising breadth of the poet's range. There are lyrics of nature and life, sage moralizings, and poems of personal and occasional character in great number and variety. Then there is the important group of poems inspired by patriotic and historical themes. And then, best of all to our liking, there are the many pieces which reveal the writer as a whole-hearted lover of Italy. We are going to quote "Love in Italy" as an exquisite example, although the lyric is now many years old, and is perhaps as familiar as anything Mr. Johnson has ever written.

"They halted at the terrace wall ;
Below, the towered city lay ;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
Was silent in a swoon of May.
As hand to hand spoke one soft word
Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
What part was Love, what Italy.

"They knew what makes the moon more bright
Where Beatrice and Juliet, —
The sweeter perfume in the night,
The lovelier starlight in the star ;
And more that glowing hour did prove,
Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love,
As Love transfigures Italy."

And now let us associate with this song the closing stanzas of a poem only a few weeks old — a poem in which the praise of Italy is conjoined with a tender tribute to a dead friend, "To One Who Never Got to Rome," to Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"The path to Adonais' bed,
That pilgrims even smoother wear,
Who could than you more fitly tread ? —
Or with more right from Ariel dead
The dark acanthus bear ?

"Alas ! your footstep could not keep
Your fond hope's rendezvous, brave soul !
Yet, if our last thoughts ere we sleep
Be couriers across the deep
To greet us at the goal,

"Who knows but now, aloof from ills,
The heavenly vision that you see—
The towers on the sapphire hills,
The song, the golden light—fulfils
Your dream of Italy!"

One of Mr. Johnson's sonnets, "Waters of Song," may be reproduced as an illustration of the refined and balanced grace of his work in general.

"Time was when Avon's unrenowned stream,
Save for its beauty, unregarded flowed;
Once Arno even as other rivers glowed,
For then it had not mirrored Dante's dream.
How vague the gray Levantine sea did seem
Ere Homer charted all the stormy road!
The Psalmist who by Babylon abode
Forever linked with grief the willow's gleam.

"Think you there are no other waters fit
To be rechristened with a poet's name?
Is Nature bankrupt? — man's last beacon lit?
Believe it never! Unborn bards such fame
On undiscovered rivers may bestow
As shall to fable banish Nile and Po."

The "Lyrics and Landscapes" of Mr. Harrison S. Morris are neat and decorous compositions, not exactly inspired, but mildly pleasing. These verses on "Beach Peas" may be quoted.

"Here, where the sand and the sea
Carress and forever embrace,
You have bloomed, as a child that may be
The fruit of their race.

"You were born to the drench of the salt,
To the murmur of waves in the night,
To the scream of gulls through the vault,
And to foam that falls white.

"For the purple you wear in your hood,
And the lace of your leaves, are a sign
You are sprung of imperial blood —
Tho' of lowlier line."

Mr. Morris strikes his deepest note in "Destiny," a Phi Beta Kappa poem, although we regret to find in these dignified verses a veiled apology for our latter-day American imperialism.

Mr. Clinton Scollard is by way of becoming the most voluminous of our poets (with Mr. Madison Cawein for a close competitor), if we reckon by the number of his volumes. The latest of the long series is called "Voices and Visions." We reproduce this lyric of the springtide.

"There's necromancy still!
The rathe marsh-marigold
An Ophir makes of yonder cozy mold ;
Slim branches erewhile stark and dark and chill,—
The wild wayfaring-tree, —
(Oh, wondrous wizardry!)
Offer a fragrant Hybla where the bee
May drink his greedy fill!
Care must attend whatever path you tread,
Lest your foot crush some fair and fragile head,
Shatter white innocence, leave budding hope
Bruised on the dewy slope.
But yester night
All the wide earth lay barren of delight
That now is splendid-bright before the sight.
And so, my masters, say whatso you will,
There's necromancy still!"

Of such pretty futilities as this is the book made up — songs of nature and love, and new echoes of the author's Oriental sojournings.

Is Mr. Scollard to be the founder of a Clinton school of poets? For here is another volume from that vicinage, bearing the title "From Happy Valleys," and written by Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr. This "Nocturne" exemplifies the author's quiet and graceful manner.

"Sleep after love is done — afar the west
Smiles softly, though the sun has sunk to rest —
Ah, this were best;
The flaming noon-hour we shall never know,
No more, the glow.

"Sleep after love is done and peace at last,
Beyond, the wind-swept sea, the stormy blast,
All, all is past;
The harbor calm, the ships home from the deep,
And we, asleep!"

Mr. Jones is a poet of nature, and has felt the soothing ministries of woods and fields and skies. His verse, moreover, is freighted with enough of imagination to be truly significant of the life of the spirit.

We have had occasion to speak words of praise concerning the two earlier volumes of verse by Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney, and her new book of "Gypsy Verses" shows that delicate sensibility and subtle emotion are still at her command. The following exquisite little poem is called "Ghosts."

"The long lost lights of love I know,
They thrill from ultimate space, they blow
Like small bewildered stars, tossed high
On some unknown and passionate sky.

"I know them for the loved lost lights
That made the glamour of my nights
Long, long ago, and now I fear
Their coming, and the garb they wear.

"For they are very white and cold,
They are not coloured as of old,
In trailing radiance, rose and red,
For these are ghosts, and they are dead."

There is imaginative distinction in these verses, and in many of the others that keep them company.

Raleigh's devotional stanzas on "His Pilgrim-age" supply Miss Caroline Hazard with the title, "A Scallop Shell of Quiet," which she has given to her own volume of devotional verse. Most of the pieces are sonnets, and "Seed-Time" may be taken to represent them.

"A living green has touched the swelling hills,
And tiny birds chirp in the leafless trees;
Up from the ocean comes a vernal breeze
That brings the showers to feed the mountain rills.
In dark red soil the steady ploughman drills
The long deep furrows, sinking to his knees
In spongy earth; it is no time of ease, —
With signs of birth and promise Nature thrills.
Drive Thou Thy plough, O Lord, deep in my heart,
Hardened beneath a load of petty cares;
Break up its guilty crust, and freely start
The showers of Thy grace, then sow some seed
Whose ripened harvest Thou wilt deign to heed,
And husband it with gracious heavenly air."

These lines are typical of the feeling which characterizes Miss Hazard's verse, lending it the grace of a deep sincerity. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

New studies of Blake, Keats, Scott, Shelley. There are certain authors whose stability and discrimination in judgment are always assured; we recognize their distinct merits and limitations, and are seldom disappointed in their products. Sometimes such evenness, especially in a critical essayist, suggests a craftsman rather than a scholar; but a tone of earnest appreciation quite counteracts any such mechanical effects. Mr. Stopford Brooke has achieved the skill of the craftsman, without losing his individual traits as a critic with a keen perception of literary art. His earlier studies of Browning and Tennyson have been followed by other volumes in uniform style, covering a wider range of subjects. His new "Studies in Poetry" (Putnam) include essays on Blake, Keats, Scott, and three on Shelley. The studies of Shelley impress the reader as the most vital, and they seem to furnish the special reason for the book. If the tone of the "Inaugural Address to the Shelley Society" is occasionally open to censure for petulance in recalling the comparisons which have been made between Shelley and Byron, the later pages of the essay are sound in balanced criticism on both poets. Mr. Brooke emphasizes his admiration for Shelley's lyrics in this inaugural address, and expands the hints there stated into a worthy essay on the same subject. He justly calls attention to Shelley's absorbing impulses of thought and emotions which left their impress not only on the shorter lyrics but also in lyrical outbursts in many of the dramas, notably "Prometheus," "Hellas," and "Epipsychedion." A separate essay is devoted to the last-mentioned personal poem. There are some new interpretative thoughts and fitting rephrasing of recognized qualities of mind and soul in the detailed analyses of "The Cloud" and "Ode to the West Wind." Two distinctive traits of Shelley are summarized as "the power of making fresh myths out of nature, and that of describing nature imaginatively and yet with scientific truth." Keats and Shelley suggest to most critics both resemblance and divergence. The author has here traced the mental isolation of Keats from the political and material struggles of his age, his reversion to ideals and symbols of classic and mediæval beauty, and his childlike sensibility to nature. With almost ecstatic praise he commends his best odes as "above criticism, pure gold of poetry — virgin gold." The publication of the complete poems of William Blake in a new edition two years ago re-awakened interest in this painter-poet who was both visionary and radical and whose recognition has come so slowly. Mr. Brooke has studied Blake's lyrical poetry in relation to the development of English literature; he has also emphasized his spiritual love of nature, which made him a true precursor of Wordsworth. Blake's poetic passion informed and beautified many of his meditations on the political, social, and religious problems of his day. The quotations which reveal the poet's childlike yet progressive nature are

well chosen from "Poetical Sketches," "Songs of Innocence," and "Songs of Experience." Many a reader in middle life will echo the sentence in the essay on Sir Walter Scott, "I am sorry for the children who are not brought up on the poetry of Scott." With just appreciation, this poetry is extolled for its power of kindling romantic feelings and imaginative delights over past scenes, and for awakening fervor to learn more of historic scenes, heroic characters, and knightly ideals.

Chapters in the struggle for human liberty. The second instalment (Volume III.) of Professor James MacKinnon's "History of Modern Liberty" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), the first two volumes of which were reviewed in THE DIAL a year ago, deals with the struggle with the Stuarts in England and Scotland in the seventeenth century, and is a continuation of an ambitious task already well advanced; namely, the tracing of the historical development of liberty in modern times. The first volume, it may be repeated, was of an introductory character, being limited to a review of the origin and results of the movements for political and social emancipation in the middle ages. The second volume dealt primarily with the intellectual and religious movements as exemplified in the Renaissance and Reformation and their results upon the political and social life of the time. The present volume is to be followed by five others, concluding with the revolutionary and emancipation movements in the nineteenth century. The scene of the struggle described in the earlier volumes was mainly on the continent; after that it was shifted to England and Scotland, where the new impulse received its most powerful expression. There the contest began with the opposition of parliament to the arbitrary rule of James I., was continued during the reign of Charles II., included the opposition to the "military despotism" of Cromwell, and ended with the abdication of James II. The struggle was marked by such incidents as Milton's plea for intellectual freedom, the efforts of Roger Williams, William Penn, John Locke, and others, in behalf of toleration, and the demand of certain obscure sects for social as well as religious emancipation. In Great Britain the struggle produced important results; it gave her the first place among the full countries of Europe, transformed her into a land of refuge for the exiles of other nations, and helped to foster "those larger aspirations which resulted in the widening of political rights, the broadening of intellectual and religious liberty, and contributed to engender that free self-consciousness, that spirit of daring enterprise, which led to the expansion of British power and the establishment of free commonwealth beyond the British shores." The same criticism which was directed against the earlier volumes may be made of the present one; namely, that much of the story deals only in a remote degree with liberty, and that the author's failure to cite his authorities detracts from the value of the work to serious students of history.

The puzzling tale of Chatterton's life and work. Fourteen years ago Mr. Charles Edward Russell undertook the study of Chatterton's strangely puzzling life and literary work. Bristol, the boy-poet's home, the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and all other sources of possible information about his subject, have been visited by the biographer, and all extant documentary evidence has been examined; and as a result we now have a handsomely printed and illustrated volume entitled "Thomas Chatterton, the Marvelous Boy" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). In his very preface Mr. Russell damages his case by claiming too much. Not only does he roundly deny that Chatterton was guilty of literary forgery, but he pronounces his writings "works of the first order of genius, works ever since the marvel of all persons that have considered them, works profoundly affecting the body and the development of English poetry." With a lurking fear, however, that he may not have succeeded in proving his client's innocence and in shifting all the blame on to the antiquary-surgeon Barrett and the hard-hearted Horace Walpole, he amusingly adds that if the wonderful boy was a literary forger he had temptation enough and excuse enough, and we ought now to forgive him and remember only his lovable qualities and his undisputed literary genius. The lovable qualities we can admire without being told, on what authority does not appear, that whenever he passed the throng of beggars in front of Colston's school, on his way to get a book from the circulating library, "he emptied his pockets among them," and so denied himself the book for which his soul was thirsting, and so also found himself compelled to carry more parchments, genuine or forged, to Surgeon Barrett. "On a calm survey," says the author, as if forgetting that he is washing Chatterton as white as snow, "the only real amazement will be that this boy did nothing worse than palm off his counterfeit antiques upon two foolish men." The advocate protests too much; he lacks the calmness of conviction, and so fails to convince the reader. The interest, too, of his story—and Chatterton's life can never fail to be interesting—suffers from its disputatious tone; it is told with an emphasis that seems to leave no reserve forces behind. Masson's short and pathetic account, which Mr. Russell makes no mention of in his references to previous biographers, is more effective than this later, more elaborate, and undoubtedly better-informed work, although the thoroughness with which the author prepared himself for it is worthy of high praise.

A new brief biography of Poe.

"As we are human," writes Mr. John Macy in beginning his life of Edgar Allan Poe, in the "Beacon Biographies" series (Small, Maynard & Co.), "we crave to know when Shakespeare was married, and on what occasions Poe befuddled his fine brain; but the Poe that lives is the dreamer of dreams imaged in the pensive head that adorns the University of

Virginia." Sympathy with poets, the writer further declares, should transcend defense of their private morals. Perhaps so; but even with the best of endeavors to maintain the cool literary temper, a warmer human interest will make the reader regret Byron's irregularities, Shelley's untenderness to his first wife, and Poe's lack of manly self-control. This very natural interest of ours in a poet as a human being Mr. Macy recognizes so far as to touch on the main facts of Poe's troubled life; and of the weakness that chiefly caused it to be troubled he says an illuminating word. Correcting those who call Poe's infirmity alcoholism or dipsomania, he says: "Alcoholism is disease resulting from excessive drinking: anyone may develop it with perseverance. Dipsomania is an uncontrollable thirst for alcohol: it exists as a disease, even if the thirst is not gratified. There is yet a third condition which can exist without excessive or continuous indulgence and without an initial morbid craving. Under this condition the 'patient' is affected by alcohol and other drugs as if he were a cold-blooded animal. There is immediate unbalance, hysteria, insanity, a poisoned condition. Such, according to the evidence, was the effect of liquor on Poe." Mr. Macy's essay—for it is, of necessity, hardly more—dwells rather on Poe the short-story writer than on Poe the poet. The short story, moreover, he unhesitatingly pronounces "the only type of literature to which America has made a considerable contribution of distinguished quality." Has anyone noted the curious parallelism between Poe and Whistler in their whimsical fibbing over birth-place and birth-year? Each falsely claimed Baltimore as birthplace, and both were shy about giving their age. Both, too, were for a brief space students at West Point, if history is to be believed. This last is noted by Mr. Macy. His little book sustains the general excellence of the series to which it belongs.

A half-century of mountain-climbing. "To learn to know the Alps well is little short of a liberal education."

Of this, one is more than half persuaded after reading Mr. Frederic Harrison's book, "My Alpine Jubilee" (Smith, Elder & Co.), which is made up of ten short articles and letters, most of them reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine," the "Westminster Review," and "The Times." The volume opens with six letters written home last autumn from Lake Leman, fifty-six years after the writer's first visit to the Alps in his student days. It is cheering to find Mr. Harrison still as keen as ever for a tramp (if not too arduous) in the mountains, and far more appreciative of their charms than in his youth, rich in adventure and ever fresh delights though those early days of summit-scaling are acknowledged to have been. The middle altitudes must now content him, but what they have to offer was largely missed in those former mad scrambles to reach the topmost peaks. But even in that far-off time of half a century ago Mr. Harrison was no unobservant mountain-climber. Two articles written

in the sixties and reprinted at the end of the little book show him to have had a quick eye and a reflective mind for all that the Alps had to offer. Of course the volume does not close without due mention of and tribute to the late Leslie Stephen, his fellow-member in the Alpine Club. Besides dedicating the book to his memory, Mr. Harrison republishes his "Cornhill" article written on the occasion of Stephen's death. "The Playground of Europe," we are glad to notice, is praised as its author's most characteristic and fascinating work. One sentence from Mr. Harrison's final chapter may be quoted as striking the keynote of the book: "We need sometimes that poetry should be not droned into our ears, but flashed into our senses."

The creed of a citizen of the world. Like Thomas Paine, who said, "My country is the world, and my religion the world. . . . is to do good," Professor Charles Zueblin allows himself to be fettered by no prejudices of race or creed—so far as freedom from prejudice is possible. His little book, "The Religion of a Democrat" (Huebsch), is the most untheological treatise imaginable: the religion it treats of is extra-ecclesiastical, if not anti-theological, and appears to be contained in some form of socialism. Positivism, says the author, "has had its day; ethical culture still illumines the way, but the future seems to belong to some form of socialism. If the democratic state is at all to realize the dreams of sober collectivists, and to avoid the dangers pointed out by the honest critics of socialism, it will be by the organization of its ethical forces, in harmony with its other elements." The truly religious person of this ideal democracy is not to cherish hopes of a future state of celestial bliss, but to be sustained and strengthened by a belief in "impersonal immortality," which means "the perpetuation of oneself through the individuals, the institutions, and the ideals, of the years to come." Furthermore, "the people are to redeem themselves. Our ashes fertilize the soil from which life springs, but souls also kindle souls. I do not know when my Redeemer will live, or whose Redeemer I may be, except in the sense in which every man is our Redeemer and we are his Redeemer. . . . The redemption of the people will be by means of impersonal immortality,—the crux of democratic religion." Although the scheme of salvation by legislation must seem a little hard and mechanical, the atmosphere of the book is fresh and free and bracing, and the author's forcible presentation of the imperishability of personal influence will doubtless inspire others with a wish to "join the choir invisible."

The choice of a college for the young. Mr. John Corbin's book, "Which College for the Boy?" (Houghton) is made up of articles contributed to the "Saturday Evening Post" and widely read and commented on at the time of their appearance. The universities and colleges discussed and compared are Princeton, Harvard (the author's *alma mater*),

Michigan, Cornell, Chicago, Wisconsin, Beloit, and Knox—the two latter being briefly treated in a single chapter entitled "The Small College versus the University." As six out of these eight institutions are co-educational, the book may serve in a measure to answer also the question, "Which college for the girl?" But no one, the author probably least of all, would claim that the little volume gives a final answer to either of these important questions. The social and athletic sides of college life receive from him more attention than the academic, and there is rather greater emphasis placed on the defects than on the excellences of the several institutions he has selected. The chapters are highly readable, and the style in which they are written is sufficiently enlivened with student wit and college slang. The author's year of residence at Oxford, and his visits at a large number of American universities and colleges, qualify him to speak with authority on certain aspects of college life; and if the careful parent wishes to learn something about the peculiar temptations his son will be exposed to at any of the universities in Mr. Corbin's list, the social advantages he will enjoy, the athletic sports most in vogue, and (in a general way) the departments of learning most successfully cultivated, he will do well to read this attractive, well-illustrated book.

BRIEFER MENTION.

M. André Tardieu is the latest of our European critics. His "Notes sur les Etats-Unis" (Paris: Calmann-Levy) are neither extensive nor profound, but, coming from the pen of a literary Frenchman, they make a readable book. M. Tardieu seems to have had the usual experience of the visiting foreigner who comes armed with letters to public functionaries and social leaders. He was shown the obvious sights, and makes the obvious comments upon them. His special themes are society, politics, and diplomacy, and his observations are confined mainly to New York, Boston, and Washington. The book exhibits a good deal of timeliness, dealing at length, as it does, with such recent matters as the Japanese imbroglio (which is taken far too seriously), the panic of last Autumn, and the earlier stages of the now pending presidential campaign.

We believe that Mr. Morley is henceforth to be called Viscount Morley of Blackburn, and we expect hereafter to give him his proper title, but there seems to be no need of our doing so in mentioning the fourth volume of his "Miscellanies" (Macmillan) which still prints plain "John Morley" upon the title-page. We presume this is done to secure uniformity with the earlier volumes. The present book is a collection of papers reprinted from various sources, and the author's friends doubtless know them already, although they are doubtless also glad to have them in this permanent shape. Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Mill, and Lecky are the subjects of four of the essays. These, with three others, make up an "Eversley" volume like the old ones, only the paper seems less soft and flexible.

NOTES.

A new and complete edition of Mr. Madison Cawein's poetry, in five volumes, with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, is announced by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

With the title, "Good Citizenship," the Henry Altemus Co. publish a small volume containing the two Chicago addresses made in 1903 and 1907 by the late Grover Cleveland.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, author of "Come and Find Me" and "The Magnetic North," has completed a new novel to appear during the Fall under the title, "The Mills of the Gods."

"The Appreciation of the Drama," by Mr. Charles H. Caffin, will soon be added to the Baker & Taylor Co.'s excellent "Appreciation" series, which already includes volumes on music and art.

An English book which should prove of unusual interest to Americans is "George III., as Man, Monarch, and Statesman," by Mr. Beckles Willson, to which Messrs. Jacobs & Co. have obtained the rights for this country.

Two small volumes of Newman reprints, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., give us "The Church of the Fathers" and "University Teaching," the latter volume being the first part of Newman's "The Idea of a University."

Professor Sidney G. Ashmore has edited "The Comedies of Terence" for college students, and the volume is published at the Oxford University Press. Professor Tyrrell's text is followed, and both introduction and notes are elaborate.

"A Guide to the Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence," by Miss Maud Cruttwell, is an illustrated handbook that the art student will do well to take with him on his Italian pilgrimage. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

"A History of the Ancient Egyptians," by Professor James H. Breasted, now published by the Messrs. Scribner, is a condensation of the author's longer work, and, as such, provides a brief and authoritative account of the subject in the light of the most advanced scholarship.

Mr. Charles Lane Hanson's "English Composition," published by Messrs. Gian & Co., is the latest of the long series of books prepared for the use of high school beginners. It supplies the usual blend of rhetoric with English grammar, and is plentifully provided with exercises.

Mr. Edward Augustus George is the author of a volume of essays on "Seventeenth Century Men of Latitude," meaning such forerunners of the liberalized modern theology as Chillingworth, Taylor, Browne, and Baxter. The book is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Letters of Edward Lear, the famous author of "The Book of Nonsense," will appear next Fall with the imprint of Messrs. Duffield & Co. The volume is to be edited by Lady Strachey, and will contain Lear's letters descriptive of his journeys as a painter to Corfu, Mount Athos, and Albania.

Besides the new special edition of "Little Women" lately issued, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have in preparation for early Fall publication a new illustrated edition of Miss Alcott's "Spinning Wheel Series," which

includes the four volumes entitled "Spinning Wheel Stories," "Silver Pitchers," "Proverb Stories," and "A Garland for Girls." These four books are all to be printed from new plates, and will have new and attractive illustrations and cover designs.

One of the most important of forthcoming biographies will be Mr. Ferris Greenslet's Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a large octavo volume which promises to be very rich in letters. The illustrations will be portraits, pictures of the author's home at various periods of his life, and other views.

A volume on "How to Appreciate Prints," by Mr. Frank Weitkampf, Curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library, is announced by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. They will also publish an elaborately illustrated book by Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary entitled "Artists Past and Present."

A leading place among the coming season's publications will undoubtedly be taken by the authorized biography of James McNeill Whistler, which Miss Elizabeth Robins and Mr. Joseph Pennell have long been working upon. The J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish the work in two large and elaborately-illustrated volumes.

Very little has hitherto been written about that interesting and quaint people, the Servians. Messrs. Page & Co. will publish shortly a work entitled "Servia and the Servians," by M. Shedo Mijatovich, which is said to give a very vivid account of the religious and social life, the institutions and the traditions of the Servian folk.

Marx's "Value, Price, and Profit," edited by Mrs. Aveling, and Herr Paul Kampffmeyer's "Changes in the Theory and Tactics of the (German) Social-Democracy," translated by Mr. W. R. Gaylord, are two small volumes for the furthering of the socialist propaganda, recently published by Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co.

Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," edited and very copiously annotated by Dr. Herbert S. Murch, is a new volume of the "Yale Studies in English," published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. This volume is similar in form to those which have given us, in the same series, critical editions of a number of Jonson's comedies.

Miss Anne Bush Maclear's monograph on "Early New England Towns" will be found useful by teachers and students of American history. The special subjects discussed are courts, finances, public lands, schools, the church, and the government. This work is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. for Columbia University.

New books of essays by Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, Miss Agnes Repplier, and Professor Bliss Perry are promised for publication during the coming season by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Company. They will also publish important new books by President Charles W. Eliot, Professor George H. Palmer, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Professor Paul H. Hanus.

The Providence Club for Colonial Reprints has reproduced, in an edition limited to one hundred copies, the "Invitation Serieuse aux Habitants des Illinois," by "Un Habitant des Kaskaskias," as first published at Philadelphia in 1772. The reprint is a facsimile, and the work has been edited by Messrs. Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter.

By special arrangement with the English publishers, the H. M. Caldwell Co. will issue in September "The Century Shakespeare," complete in forty volumes, with

an exhaustive introduction to each volume by Dr. F. J. Furnivall. Each volume will also include a full and comprehensive glossary and a complete series of notes. An important feature of the "Century Shakespeare" will be an up-to-date and popular account of Shakespeare's life and work by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. John Munro.

The Macmillan Co. publish for the University of Michigan a monograph, by Miss Orma Fitch Butler, entitled "Studies in the Life of Heliogabalus." This Roman unworthy might, we should imagine, make the subject of an interesting book: we may hardly thus describe Miss Butler's production, which is a typical example of unreadable seminar-literature.

"Government by the People," by Mr. Robert H. Fuller, is a small book published by the Macmillan Co. It gives an account of the laws and customs regulating the election system and the formation and control of political parties in the United States. It is a book that every first voter, to say nothing of hardened practitioners in politics, should read and seriously ponder over.

"Ohio before 1850," being a study of the early influence of Pennsylvania and southern populations in Ohio, written by Dr. Robert E. Chaddock, is a recent Columbian University monograph published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. Other publications in the same series are "Factory Legislation in Maine," by Mr. E. Stagg Whiting; "Consanguineous Marriages in the American Population," by Dr. George B. Louis Arner; and "Adolphe Quetelet as Statistician," by Dr. Frank H. Hawkins.

A Balzac Museum has begun to take form and substance at Passy, the Parisian suburb where the novelist lived during his most productive period, from 1842 to 1847. There, at 47 Rue Raynouard, the little house that Balzac hired for six hundred francs a year has been purchased by a group of his admirers and is to be turned into a public museum after the pattern of the Victor Hugo Museum in the Place des Vosges. It is proposed to furnish the house in the style of Louis Philippe's time, and to fill it with all sorts of Balzac relics. Balzac's former landlady is said to be still living at Passy and to be entertainingly communicative concerning her famous tenant.

The untimely death of Professor Louis Dyer, following a surgical operation in London, about the middle of July, will be greatly deplored by the large circle of his friends and admirers in England and America. Though he had lived at Oxford for many years, and was a lecturer at Balliol College, Professor Dyer had retained his connection with America by correspondence, by occasional visits and lecture tours, and by his published letters. He was not one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's Greek scholars who know little Greek and nothing else. Before entering Harvard College he had studied in Europe. He graduated with final honors in modern languages as well as in classics, and he has always been honorably distinguished among American classicists for the breadth and range of his culture. He was for some years assistant professor of Greek at Harvard. His published works include an esteemed edition of Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," a volume of studies in Greek religion and antiquities entitled "The Gods in Greece" (reviewed in THE DIAL for October, 1891), and a recent work on Machiavelli. In its earlier years, he was a valued contributor to THE DIAL. Professor Dyer was fifty-seven years of age.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

August, 1908.

- Actress, a Popular Chapter from the Life of — II. Pearson.
Adirondack Camps, Luxurious. Alice M. Kellogg. Broadway.
Agricultural College on Wheels. James F. Dorrance. Pearson.
Album on the Center-Table. The. Eugene Wood. Everybody's.
Aldrich Letters, A Group of. Ferris Greenleaf. Century.
Aldrich-Vreeland Bill. The. Theodore Gilman. No. American.
American Art Scores a Triumph. Giles Edgerton. Craftsman.
American Farmer Feeding the World. World's Work.
American Horse. The. C. B. Whitford. World To-day.
American Trading around the World. World's Work.
Andes, Skyland in the. Marion Wilcox. Putnam.
Arctic Color. Sterling Heilig. McClure.
Art Effort, Value of. Frank Fowler. Scribner.
Atlantic City, Boardwalkers of. F. W. O'Malley. Everybody's.
Atlantic Liners' Longshoremen and Dockers. Everybody's.
Bancroft, George. William M. Sloane. Atlantic.
Baseball: The National Game. Rollin L. Hartt. Atlantic.
Baths and Bathers. Woods Hutchinson. Cosmopolitan.
Beecher and Christian Science. M. B. White. Cosmopolitan.
Bigelow, John: Elder Son of Democracy. J. Creelman. Pearson.
Bismarck, Talks with. Carl Schurz. McClure.
Black Hand Power and Mystery. Alfred H. Lewis. Broadway.
Boys, The Awkward Age of. G. Stanley Hall. Appleton.
"Bor" and Boulogne. Deshler Welch. Harper.
Bryan's Convention. Samuel E. Moffett. Review of Reviews.
Bully the Ox, Story of. Charles D. Stewart. Atlantic.
Bunk-House. A. and Some Bunk-House Men. McClure.
Business Career, A Commonplace. F. Crissey. World To-day.
Chautauqua, The. Trumbull White. Appleton.
Chemical Fertilization. Alfred Gradenwitz. World To-day.
Children's Carnival, The. Harold E. Denegar. World To-day.
Children, What our Cities are Doing for. G. E. Walsh. Craftsman.
Christian Science Cures, One Hundred. R. C. Cabot. McClure.
Christianity, The Salvation of — I. Charles F. Aked. Appleton.
Churchill, Lady Randolph, Reminiscences of — IX. Century.
Clam-Bake, The. Henry J. Peck. Century.
Cleveland, Grover. Henry L. Nelson. North American.
Cleveland as Public Man. St. Clair McKelway. Rev. of Revs.
Cleveland at Princeton. Henry Van Dyke. Rev. of Reviews.
Commercial Education in Germany. World To-day.
Commercial Greatness, Our Era of. O. S. Straus. World's Work.
Congressman, The First Speech of a. V. Murdock. American.
Currency Law, The New. J. H. Gannon, Jr. Pearson.
Drought, Saving Three Counties from. H. H. Dunn. World Today.
Egypt, The Spell of — IV. Robert Hichens. Century.
Egyptian Art, Ideal of. Sir Martin Conway. No. American.
Elizabethan Pageant, Reviving the. Paul P. Foster. World To-day.
Endowments: Their Relation to Insurance. World's Work.
Enfranchised Woman, What it Means to Be an. Atlantic.
England and America, Political Campaigning in. Atlantic.
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Face Factory, The. Eugene Wood. Broadway.
Fiction in Lighter Vein. Charlotte Harwood. Putnam.
Foreign Investors, The Ways of. World's Work.
Foreign Parasites and their American Prey. Broadway.
Foreign Tour at Home — VI. Henry Holt. Putnam.
Foreign Trade, Technique of. E. N. Vose. World's Work.
Formosa, The Japanese in. W. C. Gregg. Review of Reviews.
Freighters of the Seas, The. Edgar A. Forbes. World's Work.
French Finance in 1907. Stoddard Dewey. Atlantic.
Gasoline Prairie Schooner, The. Walter E. Peck. Scribner.
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Herd, A Tenderfoot's First. Edgar B. Bronson. Pearson.
Heroine, the Modern. Morals of. Elizabeth Bisland. No. Amer.
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 Taft, Lorado, Notes on. Henry B. Fuller. *Century.*
 Thoreau's "Maine Woods." Fanny H. Eckstorm. *Atlantic.*
 Thousand-Year Pine, Life of a. Enos A. Mills. *World's Work.*
 Tibet. My Discoveries in. Dr. Sven Hedin. *Harper.*
 Tramps, When We Were. Frances W. Huard. *Century.*
 Treasury, Watch-Dogs of the. P. E. Stevenson. *World's Work.*
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 Typhoid Pest at our Gates. P. Bigelow. *Broadway.*
 "Uncle Remus," The Author of. *Review of Reviews.*
 Voices. Lucy Scarborough Conant. *Atlantic.*
 Wall Street as the Centre of Fashion. F. T. Hill. *Harper.*
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 Woman, The World's Littlest. Arthur Brisbane. *Cosmopolitan.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 57 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Daughter of Louis XVI., Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France, Duchesse D'Angoulême. By G. Lenotre; trans. by J. Lewis May. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 343. John Lane Co. \$1. net.
 Lord Kelvin: An Account of his Scientific Life and Work. By Andrew Gray. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 316. "English Men of Science." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1. net.
 The Roman Empire, B.C. 29—A.D. 476. By H. Stuart Jones, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 476. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

From Libau to Tsushima: A Narrative of the Voyage of Admiral Rojdestvensky's Fleet to Eastern Seas, including an Account of the Dogger Bank Incident. By Eugène S. Politovsky; trans. by F. R. Godfrey. 12mo, pp. 307. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

The Tragedy of Korea. By F. A. McKenzie. Illus., 12mo, pp. 310. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Essays Political and Biographical. By Sir Spencer Walpole; edited by Francis Holland. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 317. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

Views and Reviews. By Henry James; with Introduction by Le Roy Phillips. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 241. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

The Writings of Samuel Adams. Collected and edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing. Vol. IV., 1778-1802. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 431. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Omar Repentant. By Richard Le Gallienne. Oblong 16mo, gilt top. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 75 cts. net.

Everyman: A Morality Play. Edited, with Introduction and Bibliography, by Montrose J. Moses. Illus., 12mo, pp. 161. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.

The Lilies. By Henry P. Spencer. 12mo, pp. 31. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

The Banners of the Coast. By Archibald Rutledge. 8vo, pp. 47. Columbia, S. C.: State Company. \$1.

From the Footlights of Song. By Charlotte M. Packard. 12mo, uncut, gilt top, pp. 60. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

The Soul of the Singer, and Other Verses. By H. Graham Du Bois. 12mo, pp. 44. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Jephtha Sacrificing, and Dinah: Two Dramatic Poems. By Edwin Thomas Whiffen. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 89. Boston: The Grafton Press. \$1. net.

Golden Rod and Lilies. By R. W. Gilbert. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 128. Boston: The Gorham Press.

FICTION.

Together. By Robert Herrick. 12mo, pp. 505. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The Land of the Living. By Maude Radford Warren. Illus., 12mo, pp. 313. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

Villa Rubine. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, pp. 299. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Marota. By John Ayscough. 12mo, pp. 415. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The Power Supreme. By Francis C. Nicholas. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 347. Boston: R. E. Lee Co. \$1.50.

The Old Allegiance. By Hubert Wales. 12mo, pp. 315. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The North West Passage: Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship "Gjöa," 1903-1907. By Roald Amundsen; with a Supplement by First Lieutenant Hansen. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., gilt tops, 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8. net.

Five Months on a Derelict; or Adventures on a Floating Wreck in the Pacific. By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 360. Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.25.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Christian Epoch-Makers: The Story of the Great Missionary Eras in the History of Christianity. By Henry C. Vedder. 12mo, pp. 368. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. \$1.20 net.

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Child Study for Sunday-School Teachers. By E. M. Stephenson and H. T. Musselman. 16mo, pp. 144. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

The Immortality of the Soul. By Sir Oliver Lodge. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 101. Boston: Ball Publishing Co.

Historical and Literary Outlines of the Old Testament.
By Robert Allen Armstrong. 12mo, pp. 61. Morgantown,
W. Va.: Privately printed by the author. Paper.
Bel, the Christ of Ancient Times. By Hugo Radau. Large
8vo, pp. 55. Open Court Publishing Co.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

The Perfect Garden: How to Keep it Beautiful and Fruitful.
By Walter P. Wright. Illus. in color, etc., 12mo, gilt top,
pp. 408. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.
Essays on Evolution: 1889-1907. By Edward Bagnall Poulton.
8vo, gilt top, pp. 479. Oxford University Press.
Subcutaneous Hydrocarbon Prostheses. By F. Strange
Kolle. Illus., 12mo, pp. 155. New York: The Grafton Press.
\$2.50.
Borderland Studies. By George M. Gould. Vol. II., 8vo,
pp. 311. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
Science of Anthropology: Its Scope and Content. By Juul
Dieserud. 12mo, pp. 200. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

EDUCATION.

New-World Speller. By Julia H. Wohlfarth and Lillian E.
Rogers. Illus., 12mo, pp. 160. Yonkers, N.Y.: World Book Co.
The Educational Process. By Arthur C. Fleishman. 12mo,
pp. 336. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Study of Nature. By Samuel C. Schmucker. Illus. in
color, etc., 12mo, pp. 308. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Überwanden. By Otto Ernst; edited by James T. Hatfield.
With portrait, 16mo, pp. 66. Henry Holt & Co. 30 cts. net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Blue Peter. By Morley Roberts. With frontispiece, 12mo,
pp. 235. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

The Winter's Tale. Illus. by Helen Stratton. 12mo, pp. 63.
"The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young." Duffield & Co.
80 cts. net.

Betty of the Rectory. By Mrs. L. T. Meade. With frontis-
piece, 12mo, pp. 370. New York: Grosset & Dunlap.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Book: Its History and Development. By Cyril Davenport.
Illus., 12mo, pp. 258. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. \$2. net.

Inscriptions of the Nile Monuments: A Book of Reference
for Tourists. By Garrett C. Pier. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 357.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5. net.

Dictionary of the English and German Languages. By
William James. Forty-first edition; 12mo, pp. 592. Mac-
millan Co. \$1.50 net.

Guess Work: 101 Charades. By Emily Shaw Forman. 12mo,
pp. 62. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

The Peasant Songs of Great Russia as they are in the
Folk's Harmonization. Collected and transcribed from
phonograms by Eugenie Lineff. First series; 4to, uncut,
London: David Nutt. Paper.

Wilderness Homes: A Book of the Log Cabin. By Oliver
Kemp. Illus., 12mo, pp. 156. Outing Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of
North America (Acadia).** By Nicolas Denys; trans. and
edited, with Memoir of Author, Collateral Documents, and
a Reprint of the Original, by William F. Ganong. Large 8vo,
uncut, pp. 625. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

Icelandia: An Annual relating to Iceland and the Fiske Icel-
landic Collection in Cornell University Library. Edited by
George W. Harris. Vol. I., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 125. Ithaca,
N. Y.: Cornell University Library. Paper, \$1.

The Burning of Chelsea. By Walter Merriam Pratt. Illus.,
12mo, pp. 147. Boston: Sampson Publishing Co. \$1.50.

The Philosopher's Martyrdom: A Satire. By Paul Carus.
Illus., 12mo, pp. 67. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. \$1.

Four Sonnets of a Scroogehead, and Other Songs of the Street.
By James P. Haverson. Illus., 16mo, pp. 62. H. M. Caldwell
Co.

Fads or Facts? By M. Hayon. With frontispiece, 12mo,
pp. 114. Chicago: M. S. Publishing Co. 75 cts.

The Rubaiyat of a Huffy Husband. By Mary B. Little.
12mo. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Saga-Book of the Viking Club. Illus., 12mo, pp. 421. London:
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